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250
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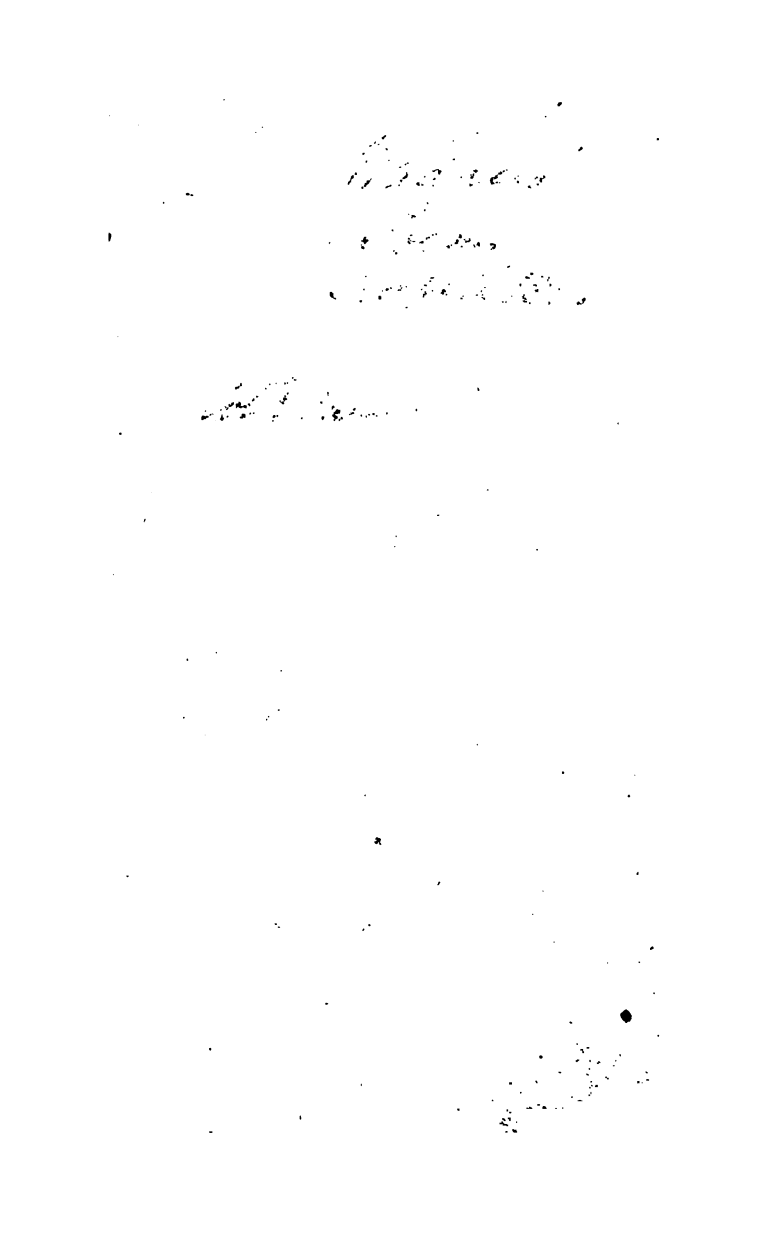
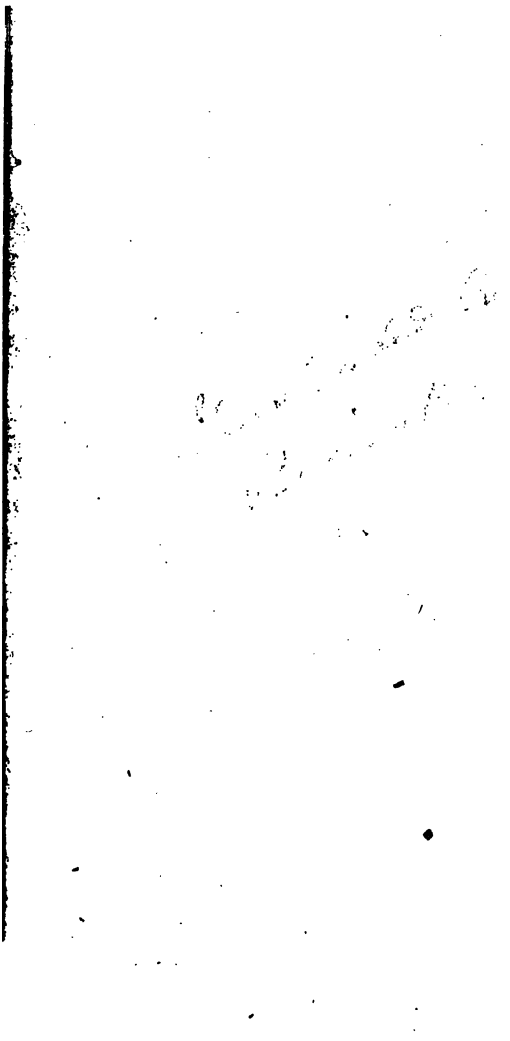
POETICAL WORKS

OF

J. WADDELL,





THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES WADDELL,

PLESSEY, LATE OF MORPETH.

CRITICS, BE CANDID,—FOR I'M BUT A COBBLER!

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.

POPE.

MORPETH:

PRINTED BY S. WILKINSON, FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY THE
BOOKSELLERS.

1809.

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DEDICATED

TO A

GENEROUS PUBLIC.

YE gen'rous Friends! on you I do rely;
Con o'er my works with an impartial eye:
If, on perusal, errors you should see,
Attribute them to true simplicity:
If, on the other hand, you truly find,
Lines to improve or gratify the mind;
Weigh them with justice for the poet's sake;
The bad with good, in real candour take.

Befriend me now;—for you I'll pray most fervent,
And ever will remain—your humble Servant.

PREFACE.

YE Sons of Candour! humbly I address,
Hoping you'll wish my little book success;
Indeed, 'tmay be allow'd, my simple rhymes
May'nt suit these learned and enlighten'd times;
But, mark what I relate—you'll find 'tis true—
Cambridge, nor Oxford, yet I never knew;
Taught by dame Nature simply to rehearse;
Nor knew the name nor measure of my verse;
But took the light that from true geniu springs;
Facts I relate, "and facts are stubborn things;'

And although plain the sense and low the style,
Guard as you will, you'll soon be made to smile.
By this, you'll see, 'tis plainly made appear,
I have a little music in my ear,
Forc'd from old GEMINI*, that social sage,
In Oldgate, Morpeth, at an early age,†
Though at that period, wrote to Dia's page.
My volume I would usher'd forth ere now,
But dreaded much—the Critical Review.

* An excellent Mathematician, Grammarian, and Diarian, named Widderington Bourne.

† At twelve years of age.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES WADDELL.

POEMS,

&c.

AN ELECTIONEERING SONG,

Composed for William Ord, Esq. of Fenham, at Morpeth Election.

SONG, Tune,--"God save the King."

I.

YE sons of liberty,
Join in the cause with me,
With one accord;
Now independence shines,
Bright as Peruva's Mines;
Gilding my humble lines,
Gained by Ord!

II.

Too long has H****d sway'd,
His vassals all obey'd,
Morpeth's fam'd Lord:
Now slav'ry's chain is broke,
Pow'rful but pleasing stroke,
Draw now the easy yoke,
Under friend Ord.

III.

Posterity unborn,
Shall say and bless the morn,
Freedom's restor'd,
Shall venerate the man,
Who form'd the noble plan,
And safely led the van;
God save great Ord.

LINES

TO

THE SAME

GENTLEMAN

Previous to his entering Parliament.

HAIL much respected, honorable youth,
A friend to freedom, and alike to truth,
May that same independence, you have gain'd,
By you through life, be constantly maintain'd,
And shew to all, that you're sincerly free,
Treading the paths of genuine liberty,
Firm in your function, when to senate sent,
Faithful to those, whom now you represent,
Aloof from venal, ministerial sway,
And join with heart, and hand, an honest hearted GRAY.

A

NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,

Address'd to N. W. R. C. Esq.

HAIL the morn of number sev'n,
Health and peace to you be giv'n,
Ev'ry day throughout the year,
May new scenes of joy appear;
Shou'd the same a spouse afford,
May she grace your festive board,
Humble, virtuous, and kind,
Nothing peevish in her mind,
In sweet unity to blend,
And, an heir at nine months end.
May you shine in parli'ment.
Firm to those you represent,
True to country and to king,
Which will satisfaction bring:

Never take a paltry bribe,
Never join the venal tribe,
Walk in truth and wisdom's ways.
Gaining laurels, wreaths, and bays !
That you may defamation's shafts for e'er defy;
May you a patriot live, and as a Ridley* die.

* Alluding to Bishop Ridley the noble Martyr, an ancestor to the gentleman alluded to.

LINES

ON

EARLY RISING,

*As requested by Mrs H. B*r**n, at Hartfo*

THOSE who would health and reason pri
Must with the tuneful lark arise,
And leave the downy bed of ease,
To taste the morning's cooling breeze ;
To sip the sweets dame nature yields,
In garden, bow'r, or fertile fields,
Such rural pleasures, strength impart,
Revive the senses, cheer the heart ;
Improve the mind, and pave the way,
For all the duties of the day.

THE

OXFORD SCHOLAR

AND THE

SPECTACLES,

Written extemporary by request at Gosforth-House.

MANY a youth to Oxford now is sent,
And comes home, greater blockhead than he went,
Better by far, he'd never gone away,
I don't allude the least to Mr G*y;

Some say that spectacles assist the sight,
If used not for pride, I think them right ;
Where dimness is, in fact I never doubt 'em,
I cannot read small print, myself without 'em ;
Friend Cuthbert too, I'll neither lash nor spur him,
But yet I wish, he'd represented Durham ;
I do believe it was his own delay,
But if he does not now, perhaps he may ;
But my friend Charles, with neither gilt nor tassel,
How snugly Matt, and he do keep Newcastle ;
Indeed I wish each gent. and lady well,
My very best respects to B. and Mr B*ll.

LINES

ON

GRATITUDE,

Addressed to C. B. Esq. and to his visitors at large.

THANKS to my benefactor, all my days,
My grateful heart, shall sound your honors praise,
Long might I've lain, unnotic'd, but by few,
Had providence alone, not order'd you,
To shew your generosity and sense,
Your various bounties, unto me dispence,
Took me from real obliv'on, "mire and clay,"
And brought me forth, from night to open day;
May blessings rest upon your honor'd spouse,
And ev'ry lady that attends the house,

Thanks to your brothers, Jacques I have in
view,
To Wharton, Wilson's, and friend Cuthber
too;
To friendly Matt, to Colburn, Gray's an
Bell,
Both Vigoreau and Linskill I wish well;
And as I was so happy here on Sunday,
My very best respects to Mr. Munday;
For fear a spark of gratitude I loss,
The same to Wm. Ord and Vicar Cross,
To Ward and Smith, and those I cannot name
I hope these gents. will ne'er the Poet blame;
My warmest wishes unto all be given,
The grace of GOD below, at last a seat in
Heaven.

JULIA'S INVOCATION

TO THE

POWERS ABOVE.

I.

LIST ye Gods to my petition,
Teach my swain to be sincere,
Pity my forlorn condition,
And in my behalf appear.

II.

Day nor night, oh! what a folly!
Can I consolation find,
Almost lost in melancholy,
Nought can cheer my languid mind.

II.

Sure no woman has more pleasure,
Nor in comfort can compare,
Far surpassing gems or treasure,
Blessed with a Son and Heir.

III.

May he live, to prove a blessing,
Father's gladness, mother's care,
Be unto the World a lesson,
Your beloved Son and Heir.

THE

DISCONSOLATE.

A POEM.

I.

HEAV'NS! have I lost my charmer,
One thing I request of you,
If she's living do not harm her,
As I'll never say adieu.

II.

Save her, who's my only treasure,
All my peace is in her charms,
Or restore her safe with pleasure,
To my ever anxious arms.

III.

Tell me, has some swain bereft me,
Of the woman I adore;
If she thus, has basely left me,
I shall mourn for ever more.

IV.

Night by night, I wet my pillow,
Melancholy is my choice;
"My Harp hangs upon the willow,"
Nor can I e'er more rejoice.

V.

Yet I think I'll still behold her,
All to providence I'll trust,
In my beating bosom fold her;
God is merciful and just.

On being ask'd by a Cousin, to write a Verse or two, which I would have fain declin'd, his Mother (my own Aunt) being in a state of Consumption.

I.

MY friend, why urge me thus write ;
I cannot really take delight,
To see my numbers flow :
My violin, is all unstrung,
My " Harp's upon the willow hung,"
And heart's depress'd with woe.

II.

I cannot join the jocund throng,
I cannot sing my simple song,
Nor sound my lute with glee !
I even can't compose my mind,
I can no solid comfort find,
Nor true felicity.

III.

If ask'd the sterling cause by you,
Your Mother seems to bid adieu,
To each enjoyment here:
The tott'ring tenement of clay,
Seems rapidly to waste away;
Such is my present fear.

IV.

Nought but omnipotence can raise,
Her feeble frame to pray and praise,
Within his courts below!
Nought but his pow'r and matchless love,
Can raise her to his courts above,
Where pleasures constant gro

V.

Oh! may her soul be fix'd on GOD,
Her heart be wash'd in Jesu's blood,
And made divinely fair;
That she be to salvation wise;
That she may gain the blissful skies,
Shall be my constant pray'r.

LINES

ON A RING,

As requested by a favorite Youth.

MY friend you ask me what's a ring,
I answer, 'tis a cur'ous thing,
Indeed 'twill bind you all your life,
Unto a vile or virt'ous wife;
Exper'ence says, which all excel,
'Tis either Heav'n, or 'tis Hell;
Be cautious then, how you engage,
To act on this momentous stage,
But if you will in wedlock enter,
Give your ticket at a venture;
Your joys to deaden or enhance,
It may come forth a prize by chance,
If so, in fact I realy wish you well,
Enjoyment, peace on earth, at last in Heav'n to dwell.

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC DIALOGUE

Between Will the PHILOSOPHER *and J*

the POET,

ON A WATCH-KEY.

SAYS Will to James, I ask of thee,
Pray what's a watch without the key;
Indeed says James, you have no catch,
For what's the key without the watch;
But stop, the argument to smother,
The one's a helpmate to th' other;
But more the matter to decide,
The key's as husband is to bride!
Another thought, has struck my brain,
The key's more use, than all the chain.

LINES

Addressed to Mr. Stoker, Architect, on the re-building of HARTFORD-HOUSE.

MY scientific friend, I wish you well,
Long in mechanics, may your parts excel;
May sound integrity, with truth combine,
To make your credit, and your virtue shine;
As you wish servants, good in your employ,
Keep those, whose diligence procures you joy,
And may each honest son of square or plane,
With satisfaction under you remain;
Then shall the noble structure rapid rise,
And fill the neighb'ring county with surprise.

THE BILE.

A POEM.

I.

NOT long ago, my brother White,
Repair'd to me in woeful plight,
Complaining of a Bile!
So monstrously it swell'd his cheek,
He had been torter'd ne'er a week,
And scarce cou'd make a smil

II.

I took't in hand without delay,
My bargain was, "no Cure no Pay,"
Unlike our faculty!
My pow'rful plaisters I apply'd,
Before six days the monster di'd;
And now he's well as I.

III.

My little bill I made at large,
Poor silly six-pence was my charge,
For which we did agree ;
And shou'd he ever have the same,
He knows my dwelling-place and name,
And great ability !

*As I generally repaired for Mrs. H. B*r* of Hartford, she constantly requested a Verse or two on each Job.*

LINES ON THE

Repairing of the Lady's Easy-Shoe.

MADAM, I've done your easy-shoe,
Sol'd, and galosh't, and heel'd it too,
And shou'd it's fellow want the same,
You know my dwelling-place and name.

On repairing her Toed-Clogs.

DEAR Madam I've mended your clogs,
I've made them both tight and complete,
You may travel o'er marshes or bogs,
Without ever wetting your feet ;

And if you shou'd ask my demands,
In farthings* I claim thirty-two,
Which when I receive in my hands,
My very best thanks are you due.

* Her Ladyship paid me double, for writing the above piece on the subject.

THE same gentlewoman having a gardener, who took charge of the House in the Winter Season, he taking the Ague, his mistress (out of humanity) sent him a bottle of Wine; (it giving him relief) as a requital of gratitude, he broke into the WINE CELLAR, eloped, destroyed, and gave away upwards of THREE DOZEN; and the Author being an acquaintance, was impeached for partaking of it, but being clear, justified himself by stealing a Rose.

Hon. Madam.

I.

AS soon as I left your repose,
A flow'ret I stole from your bow'r,
The secret I humbly disclose,
A Rose was the name of the flow'r.

II.

I hope you'll not deem me a thief,
In pity attend to my tale,
And grant me a speedy relief,
Nor send the poor Cobbler to jail.

III.

A crime, I acknowledge it is,
To pardon I know you incline,
Altho' I be guilty of this,
I never molested your W**e.†

† I was never impeached any more by my friend.

LINES

ON A

GENERAL FAST,

On that Year the Wheat was upwards of T

Guineas per Boll.

I.

I'VE often thought, for sometime past,
If to define, a General Fast,
Means to abstain from food;
Thousands will readily agree,
That this same festival must be
Too plainly understood.

II.

The poor for want of bread do pray,
The rich for hearts to giv't away,
Monopolists for trade ;
Indeed to think, I am inclin'd,
Ne'er was a day, since you can mind,
More ser'ously obey'd.

III.

Too many of our holy band,
Have knelt, because they cou'd not stand,
In real humiliation ;
Observe my friends, I think 'tis true,
We want our Lot, and Moses now,
To save our sinful nation.

THE Constable of my parish, Mr. R Gilhespy, brought me a kind of Warrar questing to know if I was married, how children under ten; If I had an Inmate whether we both would be Volunteers o and wrote on the top of my paper, J WADDELL, POET LAUREAT to Plessey the adjacent Villages; which was the cau the following answer being written, full the same, addressed to the Lieutenancy of N umberland, and delivered at the Moot. Newcastle.—*Gentlemen*,

I. WADDELL, housekeeper, am
And have been useful in my bed;
Children I have, with most of men,
My number's five, three under ten;
And if you will, believe their mothe
Will in a little have another.

* She being then pregnant.

Shou'd Buonaparte, and wicked band,
Set foot into Northumberland,
I'd then indeed, devoid of fear,
Step forward, as a Volunteer;
And rather than I'd cow'rdly strike,
Wou'd wield a Firelock, Awl, or Pike,
Or do as Jobson, did to Nell,
If able—I wou'd strap 'em well.
My inmate's name is Rutherford,
Who vows to fight, like any lord;
Bold as Achilles, or a Priam,
Enrols his name, the same as I am,
And tho' in fact, that he be single,
We'll make their gallic ears to tingle:
But after all, who knows but I,
May hold the place of Jemmy'*** ;
To swagger round, in coach or char'ot,
To serve my Liege, as POET LAUR'AT;
And then my family, and I shall sing,
GOD bless our nation, and our peaceful King.

ONE of the same nature was given me by Mr. H. Bell, Constable, which I answered in a more curious Verse, as follows :

Gentlemen,

I'VE children five,
And all alive,
Just like a hive,
And seem to thrive,
Three under ten,
And if they live long,
Will be men ;
To aid their king,
A noble thing,
May succour bring,
For aught he knows,
To mend their laws,
And country's cause,
And quell their foes.

THE

VICAR'S HORSE.

MY Friends, the following EPITAPH and CRITICISM admit of an Explanation,—observe this Horse whose name was WHEATLEY, was the gift of a gentleman to a certain VICAR, within two miles of the Village wherein I at present reside; he was to use him until solely unfit for service, and the Nag consequently was to die a natural death; but mark the treachery, even of our HOLY MEN; the Tax on Horses commencing, and the Hay becoming excessively dear, he thought him an incumberance, and lo! he shot him, but to palliate his crime, buried him entire (meaning) with skin and shoes on; affixed a Stone in an old Wall near to the consecrated ground, and incribed an EPITAPH sacred to the Memory of WHEATLEY, which is as follows:.

THE EPITAPH.

STEADY the paths, ordain'd by nature's God,
And free from human vices WHEATLEY trod,
Yet hop'd no future life, his all he liv'd,
The turf he graz'd, his parting breath receiv'd,
And now protects his bones, disturb them not,
But let one faithful Horse, respected rot.

OBSERVE the Vicar is much attached to the Bag-Pipes, and was taught by old William Lamshaw, the Duke of Northumberland's Piper, and the celebrated blind youth of B—d—n, named Thomas Hair.

THE CRITICISM.

PRESUMPTIOUS priest, a fool without dispute,
Thus to adore, and dignify a brute,
If he was steady, and devoid of blame,
Cou'd e'er, his pious master say the same?
But ah! enough, to melt your heart as wax,
You shot him solely, to avoid the tax,
Another reason too, as many say,
Dear was the corn, but dearer was the hay;
Lest any foe, disturb his aged bones,
Convert them speedily to Bag-Pipe drones,
And shou'd you have, a single one to spare,
Send it to Lamshaw, or to Tommy Hair;
Then on thy darling WHEATLEY, thou may'st play,
And pass a gloomy hour, in mirth away,

'Till death removes thee, to the sacred spot,
In WHEATLEY's bosom, unrespected rot;
For it is found by real circumspection,
The nag deserves the better resurrection.

LINES ON BRANDY,

IN IMITATION OF THE CELEBRATED SCOTCH BARD, ROBERT BURNS;

By request of E. J. Spirit Merchant, Newcastle.

I.

AS honest Burns, with honor'd bays,
Has sung aloud, on Whiskey's praise,
And shed the most delightful rays,
On it his dandy;
Whilst I presume, in humble lays,
To sing of Brandy!

II.

Good Coyniac, thou art my theme,
The best of liquors thee I deem,
Of all the rest, thou art supreme
For restoration;
By high and low, held in esteem,
In ev'ry nation.

III.

Whenever the internals jar,
And all the vitals seem at war,
Thy power, the faculty prefer,
To give relief,
And deem'd, for either bruise or scar,
Of cures the chief.

IV.

Thou elevator of the soul,
When foaming in a flowing bowl,
Thy potency, who can controul?
Thou tak'st the field,
And those, who stand the firmest poll,
To thee must yield.

V.

Possessing thee, the learned find,
A true sublimity of mind,
And leave dull care to lag behind,
By each libation ;
But mark ! the moral here design'd,
Is moderation.

THE DUEL;

OR, DOCTOR MADE MORAVIAN.

THE occasion of this DUEL was as follows: Four Ship Owners came on an excursion to Blyth, and met with a singular SURGEON, who was remarkably fond of forming what he termed A MORAVIAN SOCIETY; the Landlord was made a Member first, which caused him some degree of pain, the Doctor seeing this, disavow'd being a Member, altho' he was the sole cause of it, and bet the party a Rump and Dozen that none of them cou'd deceive him, on any account, which caused them to form a DUEL in his absence, and invite him as Surgeon to it, who faithfully attended.

THE Poem explains itself, after this explanation.

THE DUEL.

TWO Heroes lately fought a DUEL,
Tho' not intentionally cruel;
Their tempers, moderate and equal,
As testified by the sequel;
Manser and Harrison were they,
Engaged in this funny fray;
Their seconds, Houlton and Greenaway;
A worthy Doctor, too was sent for,
Whom to deceive was all they meant, sir;
More clearly to explain the rub,
The party wish'd to form a club;
Nor Gaul admit, nor yet Batavian,
The name of each, shou'd be Moravian;
Shou'd to each other faithful prove,
And live, in amity and love;
The Doctor, who himself did move it,
Did shortly after disapprove it;
And swore by Jove, he wou'd be free,
Nor ever wou'd a Member be;

In order that they might believe him,
A bet he made, none cou'd deceive him ;
Which was the reason, I aver,
That caus'd these naval sons to war ;
But ere the contest it began,
They form'd the following artful plan ;
I'll name the case just as it stood,
They got a pudding fill'd with blood ;
Chose the same both wide and thin,
Annex'd it close to Manser's skin ;
The time arrived, which was set,
So at the spot, the parties met ;
They charg'd with powder, that was all,
For reason said, beware of ball,
But one of them, was doom'd to fall.
So being ready, they retir'd
Six-paces back, turn'd round and fir'd ;
Poor Manser fell, all on a sudden,
And consequently burst the pudding ;
The blood ran down, his side and thighs,
Which put the Surgeon in surprise,
And thus exclaimed, as he ran,
Oh ! Harrison, you've kill'd the Man ?

Tore off his cloaths, cry'd 'pon my soul,
I cannot find, the bullet's hole ;
Us'd ev'ry scheme, that man cou'd do,
And cry'd aloud, more "Tow, more Tow ;"
Manser the joke, now cou'd not hide,
The Doctor tickled so his side ;
But bursting into laughter said,
" I have no wounds be not afraid ;
" And tho' no Frenchman, nor Batavian,
" I've made you now, a true Moravian ;"
The Doctor now, perceiv'd the joke,
Was much dismay'd, nay scarcely spoke ;
He droop'd his head, and went away,
Nor saw the party more that day ;
So to the Bull, they did repair,
And got a sound refreshment there ;
And told it unto, priest or proctor,
How dext'rously they humm'd the Doctor !
Reader ! you may an inf'rence draw,
From lenity, or reason's law ;
No man on earth shou'd boast or scoff,
The wisest may be taken off.

THE MATCHES.

A POEM.

IT is well known that the Tide flows near to a Village named Bedlington, which makes it very precarious to pass, both for foot passengers as well as those that ride; however the Farmers of that parish seeing the inconvenience, built a WOODEN BRIDGE across by subscription, but the Gentleman here alluded to, having a Forge on the River, thought necessary to claim the BRIDGE; erected a Gate thereon, and takes Toll at the same of every one that passes, which caused the following Poem to be written, entitled THE MATCHES.

INTRODUCTION.

INDULGENT nine, with me engage,
To paint this base degen'rate age;
To ridicule the men of pow'r,
Who spurn the needy from the door.

A Pauper travelling one day,
To Bedlington, he bent his way;
Ask'd for relief, from house to house,
In fact, he never got a sous.

At length resolv'd to leave the town,
After receiving many a frown;
Hunger was cutting, like a scythe,
Bethought himself, to cross the Blyth;
Hoping that providence wou'd plan,
And send a good Samaritan.

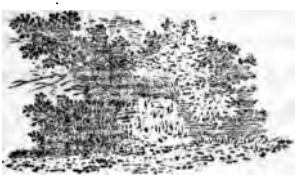
But mark! the turns of adverse fate,
As in the sequel, I'll relate,
For on this Bridge there stands a Gate;
Across the same, whoever walks,
Pays tribute unto Billy H***s!

This Gentleman, tho' sure to blame,
Himself was 'tending at the same;
And as the Poor Man, try'd to pass,
Bray'd out much like, an old Male A—s;
Stop, fellow stop! I ne'er let any,
Pass, or repass, without a penny;
Return he cried, from whence you came,
Or else this instant, pay the same.

The Beggar now was at a stand,
Nor cou'd he answer his demand;
Thought it a hardship to go back,
And had of cash, nay not a plack;
His Coat was much, adorn'd with Patches,
But stop says Billy, you have MATCHES!
Perhaps that you and I'll agree,
I'll set you o'er, for Bunches Three,
He paus'd awhile, at last consented,
And pass'd along, but discontented!!!

'Soon has he reach'd the other side,
He stood, and cooly thus reply'd,

" Before with friends you intermix,
" My lights will lead you o'er the styx ;
" There as you're scudding through the tide,
" Both you and Charon they will guide ;
" And when you're under Satan's hatches,
" You'll think upon your Brother MATCHES."



PRECEDING that, an old man SWALLOW, a native of the same town travels with a low crown'd Hat, patched and Clogs on his feet; (therefore he readily fly.) This poor Man gains a live by a small Basket, composed of needles garters, thread, tape, thimbles, &c. with at the bottom of the same. This Man, w to cross the River to sell his small article intercepted by the same Gentleman, wh a penny Loaf as Toll, which gave rise following Fable.

THE

H**K AND SWALLOW.

A FABLE.

'TIS strange, and not more strange than true,
Since Adam sinned, we may view,
Man, Bird, Beast, Fish, all disagree,
Bereft of real harmony;
And will be, till the great I AM,
Makes Leopard coincide with Lamb.

A HUNGRY H**k, the other day,
Was in his full pursuit of prey;
He perch'd himself near to a Gate,
And there impatiently did wait:

My simile's good, Bumbailiff like,
Or as some old voracious pike,
Who lodge their own, full safe in jail,
As e'er was Jonah in the Whale.

An aged Swallow, as some say,
Perchanc'd indeed, to strut that way ;
Constrain'd to walk, nor cou'd he fly,
His wings were clip'd by poverty ;
Compell'd, in truth, to search by force,
The dung that falls from Cow or Horse :
Hoping, in fact, that might contain,
When turned, here and there a grain ;
But indigence, was still his lot,
Had of these fragments little got :
But mark ! the faithful never doubt,
He turn'd his hoary head about,
And there beheld, unto his joy,
A little cake, fall'n from a boy ;
Whose Satchel-string by chance had brok
And tumbled from the little poke !

The H**k, through age, was dull of sight,
Tho' rather guided by a light,
Thought he perceived something white;
Flew down, and soon did capture make,
Both of the Swallow and the cake.
The Swallow spoke, his speech was true,
I've need of food, as well as you;
Being guided safe, by nature's rule,
He reason'd as if been at school;
If you are strong be merciful.

But all remonstrances were vain,
He wou'd not quit his prey again.

MORAL.

DEPICT it here, deny't who can,
The true depravity of Man!

THE RYE,

A POEM.

Addressed to Mr. J. C. of Bebsic

THIS Poem arose from the Gentlem
nified, having promised that grain to t
liers at Cowpen, at the binding of 1805
the first quarter, at the rate of Eight S
per Boll: the Corn rising, he flew fi
integrity, and never gained it more.

I.

INHOSPITABLE Johny, mark!
You surely now are in the dark,
Nor have of feeling's fire a spark;
Regard this sentence:
In fact, you'll never gain the Ark,
Without repentance.

II.

Before December it began,
Did you not promise ev'ry man,
(I pray deny it, if you can,)
Both Fire and Rye?
What's made you swerve, from Truth's fam'd plan?
Fy! Johny, fy!

III.

Indeed, were I a gent. like you,
And to my lab'rers made a vow,
I wou'd be positively true,
To keep my fame,
And give to ev'ry man his due,
Nor stain my name.

IV.

Look at your neighbours—well begotten,
At Hartley, Blagdon, or at Shotton;
Nor are their reputations rotten,
They keep their word;
With them, the needy have their pot on,
And thank their LORD.

V.

Colliers, report it—not in Gath,
What little conscience Johny hath,
Thus wild to stray from wisdom's path,
Which man adorn ;
You shou'd be thrash'd, by reason's lath,
'Till ye cry'd, " Corn."

VI.

Curs'd is the man who spurns the poor,
Or wretched, from his plent'ous door,
God will on him his judgments pour ;—
Scriptures are true !
Oh ! may that great tremendous show'r,
Ne'er fall on you.

VII.

But ere six months are at an end,
You'll mark the lines which I have penn'
Your workmen their agreements send ;
Make no more of it,
Or else to good, it will not 'tend,
If I'm a prophet.*

* This Gentleman is since dead ! !

THE following poem arose from a churn supper being held in Bedlington Lane.—The honest and benevolent farmer invited all his neighbours thereto, as well as the workmen employed at Mr. Burdon's Hall, who all attended: but one of the farmers having changed his clothes at home, and left his cash; and when the fidler came to be rewarded, he missed it,—caused every man in the house to shew their pockets, which they were so simple as to do. When he found it was not in the company, he repaired homeward; promised the party twenty shillings if he found it thither, which he did; but he never came forward with the money.

THE

CREDULOUS FARMER;

OR, THE FIVE POUND NOTE.

A POEM.

OF all the evils that attend this state,
Sure jealousy's the worst to make a mate:
Whoever harbours her within his breast,
I'll vouch to say—can never be at rest.

'Tis customary in the North,
(After harvest is brought forth)
Amongst the farmers, in their turn,
To have a supper, named the churn;

And each one doth his friends invite,
In jollity to spend the night.
The honest man who caused this medley,
I think they called him Thomas Hedley,
Who made a plenteous homely board,
That might have satisfy'd a Lord;
And each one did with joy regale
On beef and mutton, grog and ale:
But more their pleasure to enhance,
The party join'd the friendly dance;
Each lad and lass were cheerly match'd—
Remark—no mischief then was hatch'd;
I'll state the matter in rotation,
That I may give a just relation.—
After they'd danced often round,
And nought but friendship did abound,
With one accord they did agree
The fidler should rewarded be,
Who play'd with much dexterity,
Which made each to his fob repair,
To see what was inclosed there.
One of the guests, as vouchers say,
(I think his name was M——w G——y)

With diligence his pockets sought,
And swore he'd lost a five pound note;
He rav'd about like any antic,
You'd swore, in fact, the man was frantic;
His compliments were much in vogue,
He vow'd the house contain'd the rogue,
And out of it no one should slip,
But should immediately strip:
Remark—the company was hush,
And, consequently, made to blush;
But each one knew his conscience clear,
And his impeachment did not fear:
But yet, to satisfy the brute,
Turn'd out their cash without dispute.
Full many notes were there anon,
But all of them were number one;
(For, troth, there's many a man alive,
And honest too,—ne'er had a FIVE.)
But, oh! what wickedness is in us!
He singled out a youth nam'd Dennis,
And vow'd of him the purse to catch;
But, lo! it prov'd to be a watch!

The visitors for shame did cry,
Which did the bumpkin mortify,
Who totally destroy'd their fun,
And caus'd their bus'ness sooner done.
After he found it was not there,
Homeward, with speed, he did repair,
In company with old dame Care.
Soon as he reach'd the happy spot,
(I mean his hospitable cot)
Into the parlour then he rang'd,
Where he his old small-clothes had chang'd;
Around the room his eye was prying,
And there beheld the canvas * lying,
Which he declared, some time since,
Contain'd the note and eighteenpence.
Indeed, my friends, 'twas my belief,
His joy was intermix'd with grief;
For when he saw it, with contrition
He offered up a small petition;
Oh, Lord! that I may now repent,
For blaming one that's innocent.

* His purse.

Oh! pardon me for what I've done,
The vilest wretch beneath the sun;
Some restitution I must offer,
A one pound note I freely proffer:
But, ah! his face he'd never shew 'em,
Or else I'd never wrote this poem.

MORAL.

For to preserve ourselves from shame,
We should be certain ere we blame.

LINES

ON

ALE.

*Addressed to Mr. H***y R*d**y, H**t**y-P**s.*

I.

FRIEND R*d**y, I with grief bewail
The sensibility of ale;
Drink as I will, my spirits fail,
Nor ever glad;
Though yet the beer you did retail
Has made me mad.

II.

I recollect, twelve months ago,
That I did stagger too and fro,
Nor car'd a fig for high nor low,
Rais'd with October;
But now, it being changed so,
I'm constant sober.

III.

When to an inn I did repair,
Some true sound-bottom'd boys were there,
Who did their sentiments declare
With heart and voice;
But now, we're humdrums, you would swear,
Nor can rejoice.

IV.

Another evil does remain:
Should I a single sixpence gain,
Three pints of beer I can't obtain,
Though sly as many,
Which makes me constantly complain,
And curse the penny.*

* The ale being rais'd to 5 pence per quart at that period.

V.

For GOD's sake, Harry! don't assault,
For asking who, or what's the fault.
Pray is it you, or Tom,§ or malt;—
Regard my letter!
Your character—again exalt,
By making't better.

§ The Brewer.

LINES

From G. B. Schoolmaster of Howdon, G. B. of South Shields.

I.

YE mystagogues, that, skill'd in lore,
The deepest riddles can explore,
And brawl and quarrel evermore,
About your knowledge!
By one I'm branded very sore,
In South Shields college.

II.

The pedagogues delight
To brawl and bark, nay bite,
And spit both spleen and spite,
And always jarring:
Such the supreme delight
Of Geordy B—r—n.

III.

But once he in the rostrum stood,
To minister the gospel food,
And point poor sinners to the blood,
With flaming zeal;
But now with energetic mood,
Turn'd to the de'il.

IV.

The cause I will explain:
He met with Tommy Paine,
Who turn'd the pastor's brain;
A sad disaster!
To leave the pious train,
And loving Master!

V.

Apostate vile! resume thy seat;
Fall humbly at thy Maker's feet,
And perseveringly entreat
For sound repentance,
Lest you with keenest grief should meet,
A doleful sentence!

A PERSON of a saving disposition, named Moses F—s—r, belonging to a village near Morpeth, called Whalton, sold a calf to a butcher of the same name, of North Shields. He, on paying for it, treated Moses with a small bowl of punch; but the animal having a shabby halter with it, which Moses would not deliver, though he only valued it at threepence, insisted on having the son of the gully before the magistrates for the same. A lame man, who halts much, of the name of Samuel Oliver, a carrier between Morpeth and Shields, a great droll, and often boasts he has more ups and downs than any man;—affrighted the niggard out of the rope, which gave rise to the following poem.

MOSES'S CALF;

OR, THE THREEPENNY HALTER.

A POEM.

I.

AH! base ingrate! Moses F——r,
Thou hast stain'd thy sacred name;
Ponder o'er thy paternoster!
Hang thy head, and blush for shame!

II.

Reason says, thou art the faulter;
Sure thy heart's depress'd with woe:
For a worthless threepence halter,
Thus to use thy namesake so!

III.

Prudence says, I can't respite you ;
Largely did you not regale ?
Generously I did requite you ;—
Grog is better far than ale.

IV.

If to magistrates you'd ta'en me,
You'd receiyed nought but frowns ;
Samuel would himself have slain you,
With his wond'rous ups and downs.

V.

Conscience says, I must impeach thee,
Thus to give thy passion scope :
Now consider, I beseech thee,
Which deserveth best the rope.

VI.

How to save your fame from sinking,
If of sense you have but half!
You have now, by all men's thinking,
Prov'd yourself the greater calf.

A GENTLEMAN named R—— W——, Esq. of S—p—h, near B—d—n, having a hind who died very suddenly, a faithful servant, named Nicholas Prior, whose widow invited their master to attend as bearer to her husband's funeral, who attended feelingly: but because they could not arrive at the church exactly at the afternoon service, the vicar would not admit the corpse into church, to perform the duties necessary thereto, which caused the following

LINES,

ENTITLED THE

INHUMAN VICAR.

UNPHILANTHROPIC, overbearing vicar!
Your feelings now are surely drown'd in liquor;
Your conduct proves you worse than any friar,
Thus to discard the corpse of Nicol Prior:

III.

Never keep the hireling's wages;—
Not one day,—as Scriptures tell:—
In my bosom Satan rages!
Bilked, truly, D**** B***.

IV.

Something yet I have omitted,
Makes the monitor to knell:
Said, in fact, he was half-witted;—
Spoil'd the fame of D**** B***.

V.

I am worse than the Mahomet;
What can now this gloom dispel?
Turn'd, as dogs do, to their vomit;—
Wrong'd my servant, D**** B***.

VI.

For a thief I did impeach him,
Which was false,—I blush to tell;
And for pardon I beseech him;
Faithful gardener! D**** B***.

VII.

He was honest, I proclaim it,—
N*******n,§ he knows it well;
Truth protests that I must name it,
In behalf of D*****B***.

VIII.

I have been a fabricator,
And deserve a gloomy cell;
Sure the vilest wretch in nature!—
God forgive me, D****. B***.

§ The parish clerk.

LINES,

Addressed to C. W. B. Esq. on his Head growing so rapidly grey.

To you, friend B——, I now present my lay:—
How is it, Sir, your locks are turn'd so grey?
Was it attachment to the gentle fair?
Or the effects of solitary care?
For aught the poet knows, it may be truth,
You lov'd the females too much in your youth;
Or, as an ancient bard does wisely say,
"Too much of care will turn a man to clay;"
Or what is worse (I'll state them in rotation)
Than foul intemperance and dissipation.

Be not dismay'd, my honourable B——,
Nor be asham'd,—though you should wear wig.
May your grey head (this humble boon I crave)
Go down with honour to the silent grave.

ADVICE TO DOROTHY,

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

I.

MY lovely dear, I interfere,
And gratefully advise
You how to find a man to mind;
And whom you should despise.

II.

First;—if a beau, with gaudy shew,
Should pay to thee address,
Say to the bon, "I pray begone,
"Thou mass of emptiness."

III.

Or miser then, (the worst of men)
Should offer up himself;
His bait despise,—ne'er sacrifice
Thy peace for worldly pelf.—

IV.

Or if a rake * the promise make,
To mend his wicked ways;
His precepts shun,—or thou'rt undone..
And ruin'd all thy days.

V.

But if a youth, possess'd of truth,
His promise but impart;—
Capitulate, ne'er hesitate
To hazard hand and heart.

* Though preferable to the miser.

BREACH OF TRUST.

IT happen'd, on a rental day,
The tenants had their squire to pay.
They paid;—and lest their hearts should fail,
Were serv'd with victuals, punch, and ale:
For farmers are like other folks;
They sung their song, and crack'd their jokes;
With joy and glee, they booz'd away,
And nought but concord crown'd their lay.
Night coming on, made pleasure cease;
And then they parted all in peace.

BUT to the purpose I must come,
And name, at large, the total sum:

The whole was thus, nor less nor more,
Eleven hundred and threescore,
Which M*****l did that night deposit
Within a very secret closet.
Tho' artful couch'd, short was its stay,
For at the dawning of the day,
Some, led by Satan—stole't away!

The shouts were rais'd, the money gone,
But, who the guilty? nay not one!
Full many blush'd, as if asham'd,
Poor Jemmy Charlton was blam'd,—
For paying debt—nor did he rue it,
His brother lent him cash to do it:
But into prison he was pent,
To labour hard, weep, and lament;—
Tho' liberated—innocent!
But Vulcan, honest in his station,
He underwent examination;
Which gave the family a shock,
I judge, they thought, he'd pick'd the lock!
But let the thief be who he will,
Right well the merchant knew the till!

Tho' none can properly assail him,
'Tis clearly prov'd, his courage fail'd him;
Or else indeed, he wou'd have kept it,
Or laid, where none cou'd intercept it.

But when this melancholy ditty
Was nois'd abroad in Lon'on city,
A messenger of noted fame,
With rapid speed, from Bow-street came;—
One Anthony, who's deem'd the chief,
T'expose a rogue, or catch a thief.
Full many wily schemes he laid,
From steward, down to man and maid;
And some was pleased to declare,
He knew the person—to a hair.—

After this witty man return'd,
I'll tell you what I since have learn'd:
The gard'ner, in his occupation,
Within the planting had occasion!
His eye being fixed on the ground,
He stoop'd—and positively found,
The sum in notes, FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS!

Tied with a pliant willow twig,
Which made him scratch his pate and wig.
The house-maid next came from the hall,
To answer (some say) nature's call;
Ere she approach'd the modest door,
Pick'd up (with ten) FIVE HUNDRED more!
There just remaineth now—EIGHT SCORE!

Indeed, my friends, but not to scoff,
The landlord's now, not badly off;—
But, who can tell—who wit retains,
What will become—of what remains?
If he wou'd gain a happy hour,
"Must giv't to Cæsar, or the Poor!"
Repent—and never handle more;
Your reputation to restore.

MORAL.

THE proverb's just, "That honesty
"Is still the soundest policy."

FRIENDLY ADMONITIONS,

TO A NEW

MARRIED COUPLE;

PARTICULAR FRIENDS TO THE POET.

I.

As you with matrimonial art,
Has captivated Ellen's heart;
And are conjoin'd for life;
In amity may you agree,—
May you a loving husband be,
And she, a faithful wife.

II.

In each vicissitude below;
Let not the seeds of discord grow,
In neither you—nor bride!
Pray let it ne'er in Gath be said,—
Nor Ask'lons streets, that you are sway'd
By clamour's foaming tide.

III.

Should your own rib prolific be,
Producing plenty progeny;
With caution and with care,
Both precept and example give,
And teach their tender minds to live
To God, by faith and pray'r.

IV.

If fickle fortune should, mishap,
Bestow abundance in your lap,
A steward only be;
For all the money made by MILLS,
"And cattle on a thousand hills,
"Do all belong to me."

V.

Ne'er let the captivating clay
Seduce your sober soul away
From Wisdom's worthy ways:
Let ev'ry creature well be us'd,
So as they may not be abus'd;
And give your God the praise.

VI.

Or should a frowning Providence,
Within your cottage e'er commence,
Your soul to God cement;
And neither sorrow, sigh, nor sob:
In ev'ry station, join with Job,
And learn with Paul—content.

VII.

If e'er the pleading pauper poor,
Or peasant, should approach your door,
Commisserate their woe.
Your little dole delight to deal,
In either money, meat, or meal,
Nor let the needy go.

VIII.

If you these matchless maxims mind,
Felicity on earth you'll find,
To sweeten ev'ry care;
Then when this mortal scene shall cease,
You'll go to God in perfect peace,
A constant crown to share.

LINES,

By request of Mr. P—k——g of Kenton.

AN ACROSTIC.

INDULGENT fair one! can I leave thee?
So much sweetness can I spurn?
Am'rous swains—they may deceive thee;
But for thee I constant mourn.
Love is the strongest passion, all agree;
Ease me of that—and I will happy be.

Sincere hearts, when once united,
Cures the sting of cupid's dart:
Oh! believe it,—troth, when plighted,
Time, and only time, will part!

THE two following Poems were written to the AUTHOR;—the former as ENCOMIUM, the latter, as ADVICE.

I.

FAIR fa' you, Jemmy, canty callan!
Wha' rhym'st amaist as weel as ALLAN,
And pleasest Highlan' lads and Lawlan',
Wi' your auld gab:
May never wae come near your dwallin,'
Nor skaith nor scab.

II.

I've read your works wi' muckle glee,
And Lucky Nature, there I see,
Has gi'en you genius like a bee,
To suck the flow'rs:
Where'er ye gang, weel may ye be;
Blyth be your hours.

III.

Let college sumphs glib Horace praise,
Gi'e auld blin' Homer still the bays,
And about Virgil mak' a phrase;—
A gude Scotch taste
Prefers your ain untutor'd lays,
To a' their best.

IV.

Let them, like gouks, auld Latin speak,
And blether out their break-jaw Greek;
Though ye were born where hills are bleak,
And cauld win's blaw;
And though frae books nae help ye seek,
Ye ding them a'.

V.

May independence be your lot,
To gar your music frisk and trot;
And may ye never want a groat,
To drown your care,
When ye put on your Sunday's coat,
To rant or fair.

VI.

When lavrocks tune their bonny throats,
And i' the lift pour forth their notes;
When bleating ewes first leave their cots,
And climb the braes;
While round her dam each lammie trots,
And frisks and plays;

VII.

Oh, Jem! it's pleasant then to stray,
Where little burnies steal away,
And hazels shield frae Phœbus' ray,
To muse and think;
And while the breezes round ane play,
Mak' verses clink.

VIII.

Aft man—(but ah! these days are gane!)
Have I thus toited a' alane;
Or sat upon a foggy stane,
Beneath a brae,
Where Philomel has made her mane,
And sung her wae.

IX.

From rural scenes I've lang been torn,
And mony a skelp frae fortune born,
Lamenting, that of life's gay morn,
I'm now bereft;
I see nae rose, but find the thorn,
Alane is left.

X.

Oh man! when years hing o'er the back,
And bend us, like a muckle pack,
Life scarce will then be worth a plack,
For mirth and glee;
To younger swankies, in a crack,
Frae us will flee.

XI.

Auld Time, that jinkin' slipp'ty chiel,
Ere lang will make us end our reel,
And all our fire and spirits quell,
And quench the low,
That now within our breasts we feel;
And bleak our pow.

XII.

Let us the present hour then seize,
And reckon gain what the niest gi'es;
It's vain, for what nane o' us sees,
Our heads to fash;
Or yet to let the world teize
Us wi' its trash.

XIII.

Could I, O Jem! but break my tether,
And ony where wi' you forgether,
I'm sure we'd supple baith our leathers,
I'd pawn my lugs,
We'd mak' our hearts as light's a feather,
Wi' reamin' jugs.

FRIENDLY ADMONITIONS

TO THE AUTHOR.

By J. J. of Newcastle.

THE humblest vot'ry of the tuneful nine,
Now offers incense at their sacred shrine;
Their aid invokes, that he may write with speed,
Lines far-fam'd CRISPIN may not scorn to read:
But think not, vain ambition to excel,
Prompts my advice in humble verse to tell;
For well I know, a rival's hated name,
To poets and to lovers is the same.
To no poetic fame my muse aspires,
But, at due distance, wonders and admires:
Then hear with patience a true friend's advice,
And as to poetry be not too nice;

Worth you've seen clad in rags,—alas! the time!
So truth may e'en appear in doggrel rhyme.
Apply with honest industry thy awl,
And do not seek—but wait the muse's call.
Let no mean venal lines e'er blight your bays,
Exert that independence which you praise:
And when you're plac'd upon your cobbling seat,
Be your first care—to make all ENDS TO MEET
Economist—was ne'er a poet's name;
But let each finer feeling be his claim:
The duties of a husband, parent, friend,—
'Tis his to own, to practise, and commend:
Then, timely warn'd, by a few errors past,
Now shape your shoe according to your last.

EPITAPHS.

ON A PILOT,

Who was lost at Blyth, and buried in Bedlington Church-yard.

WEEP not for me, my friends, my time is o'er,
Though many souls I've piloted to shore.
I trust in HIM, whose words accounces this,
"I am the way to everlasting bless."

ON GEORGE WATSON,

COLLIER, OF PLESSEY,

Who was buried at Stannington.

ADIEU! beloved relatives, adieu!
The Golden Rule is but observ'd by some:
Shun vice, and ev'ry pious path pursue;
And cry at last, with me, "Come, Jesus, "come.*"

* These were the last words he was heard to articulate.

ON MR. ADDY,

SHIPMASTER, LATE OF NORTH SHIEL

Buried at Earsdon.

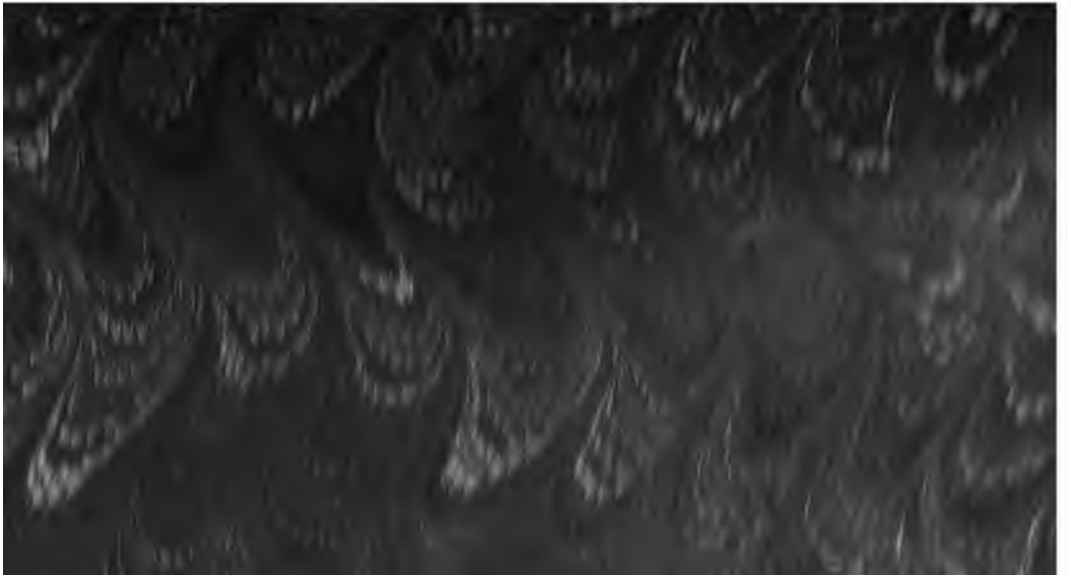
THE worthy ADDY is no more!
Affliction's tempest now is o'er;
He calmly bore the rod.
A friend sincere, a husband kind;—
Departed perfectly resign'd
Unto the will of God.

ON A YOUNG WOMAN,

WHO DIED AT BREAKFAST, ON HER BRIDAL MO

By request of her intended Husband

FAREWELL! farewell! thou darling
eye!
Though never join'd by Hymen's solemn
Upon thy bridal day, the monster death,
Depriv'd my only charmer of her breath:
But murmur not,—the Scriptures wisely
"The Lord does give, and also takes awa

THE END.

-hers